

# The Day of the Child

By WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE tree shines with the candle glow,  
The tinkets glitter jewel-wise,  
And we would that our souls might know  
The joy told in the children's eyes.  
Such sheer delight as this of theirs—  
A wondrous happiness it is!  
And every word the message bears:  
This is the children's day—and His!

LET us come, as the Wise Men came  
Those nineteen centuries ago,  
Led by the Star's eternal flame  
That bade them rise and hasten on.  
They brought rare frankincense and myrrh,  
They brought rich gems and graven gold,  
They knelt, adoring, near to Her,  
And all their marvelings they told.

AYE, as those Men of long ago,  
Today we, too, may see the Star,  
May see its mystic heavenly glow  
Flash out o'er Childland fair and far;  
And from our hands now fall the gifts  
And we know why the Wise Men smiled  
With gratefulness; and each heart lifts  
Its chant of worship of the Child.



WISE AND JUST.

There was a man in our town,  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He said all plants were mistletoe  
To his discerning eyes.

Where'er beneath a spray of green,  
From holly down to fir,  
He found a maiden young and fair,  
He then and there kissed her.

And when the ladies objected,  
He did perceive their error;  
He counted off each kiss he gave,  
And gave it back again.

Christmas in the Year One.  
And thus we kept the first Christmas—the Christmas in the year One, with carols by the choir of heaven, and God's own Son, the Savior of the world, coming as a Christmas gift for all mankind.—George Hodges.

All Down.  
"What is the population of your town?" inquired the visitor.  
"Wait a minute," replied the man who lived there. "I'll consult my 1914 Christmas list and see."

## THE CHRISTMAS STAR

By JEAN DOUGLAS.



THE twilight of Christmas eve crept slowly over the city, disguising the harsh outlines of the rooftops with a soft gray blanket.

The spirit of Yuletide filled the air, and since you could not help breathing it, the joyous song of "Peace and good-will" flooded the inner being as well.

In the dormer window of an attic chamber overlooking the city stood a little child. She was thin and pale, but even these ravages of beauty could not rob her features of their loveliness. Great blue eyes and golden curls enhanced the fairy-like delicacy of her face, and though ill clad she possessed the bearing of a princess. Now and again she left her post at the window and, opening the door, listened as if expecting to hear familiar footsteps ascending the stairs.

When it was almost dark and lights began to appear here and there over the rooftops, like will-o'-the-wisps in a marshy bog, she drew a chair beneath the hook driven in the closet door from which an exceedingly shabby coat and weather-beaten hat were suspended. By this means she was able to reach the garments and was soon attired for the street. Running back to the window she scanned the city and the heavens. Just above the horizon gleamed a single star of wondrous brilliancy, and the child, enraptured by its beauty, forgot that she intended to go out and remained motionless watching the resplendent glory of heaven's jewel. The room was flooded with a soft shimmering light, and the child gave a sob of joy as she suddenly realized that the star moved. As far as she could see the same silvery radiance flooded the sky. The great soul within that tiny body sang with happiness and she softly whispered: "It is the star of Bethlehem. I must follow it, like the three wise men!"

She hastened from the room and down the flights of steps to the street. The star moved on and on, unfalteringly, and the tiny figure trembled in every limb as it followed the wondrous light.

Beyond the boundary of the city, over frozen roads and frost-whitened fields, the tireless little feet, ill protected by their worn shoes, hastened after the star.

At last she came to a tiny house nestled among a group of fir trees. From the windows came paths of yellow light, whose warmth and cheeriness drew her on to the door.

She did not pause to knock, but lifted the latch and entered. The room was scantily furnished, but a glowing log fire bathed the homely surroundings with a glorified beauty.

Seated in front of the fireplace was a woman who bent lovingly over an infant. Grouped about her were three children, while the father of this happy family stood somewhat back of the mother hanging a branch of evergreen above the mantel.

As the little stranger entered and hesitated, the children rushed forward to greet her.

"Come in, child," said the mother. The tired little girl moved eagerly forward. "Have I found the king?" she asked.

"The king?" questioned the proud mother. "Yes, we think baby is a king." And she placed the soft, pink face of the infant close to that of the child, who reverently kissed its cheek.

"I have brought him a gift," she whispered, shyly, offering a little bead purse. The mother stooped and imprinted a warm kiss on the lips of the tiny gift bearer.

"He will love it, and would thank you if he could. See, he reaches for it now." The chubby fingers, attracted by the brightly colored beads, tried their best to grasp the purse.

"You have given him his first Christmas gift," said the father. "Draw near the fire—you are cold—while I get a bowl of bread and milk."

The child removed her hat and coat, seated herself on the hearth stool and was soon enjoying the simple fare.

"How did you find us?" the woman asked.

"I followed the star," she replied.

Giving of Presents.  
It was the custom among Romans to exchange gifts at their winter festival, and this custom may be descended to us from antiquity. But Christians like to feel that it was because the wise men brought gifts to the infant Jesus, and because of the gift of God to the world. Gifts to the poor seem from the earliest Bible times to have been an expression of a thankful heart.

They Knew.  
The humble home of a certain individual was discovered in flames on the morning of December 25.

The neighbors assembled rapidly, shouting to the owner of the burning house:

"Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

For well they knew that it was insured for twice its value.

Chance for Burbank.  
"Here's something for Burbank to try his hand on," said a man to his neighbor.

"What's that?"

"Training a Christmas tree to sprout its own presents."

The Reason Why.  
Brown—"I wonder why the children so readily accept the story of Santa Claus coming from the far North?" Jones—"Because they first learn of him in lap-land."

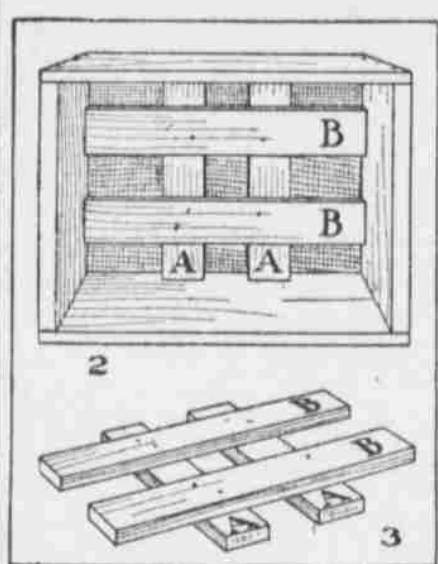
## FIXING THE CHRISTMAS TREE

A base for the Christmas tree is one of the simplest things in the world to make when you know how to go about the construction. And you can make one for the home tree that will be every whit as good as one bought. A grocery box and a few box boards, some cloth covering material, a hammer and a saw, are all that is required in making the tree base, shown in Fig. 1.

An oblong box 10 inches deep, 22



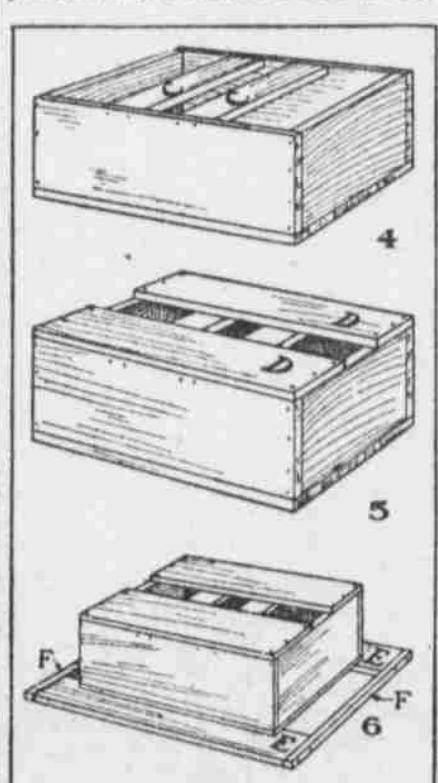
inches wide and 26 inches long was used for this base. Fig. 2 shows the first step in its construction—the forming of a pocket in the bottom of the box to receive the end of the tree. This is made with two pair of boards nailed together crosswise as in Fig. 3. Any boards of narrow widths will do. Cut pair A exactly as long as the inside width of the box, and pair B exactly as long as the inside length of the box. For the end of a tree of medium size, the pocket should measure two and one-half or three inches square. This means that the strips should be placed two and one-half or three inches apart. If the pocket proves to be a bit too large, the end of the tree can be wrapped with a strip



of cloth or paper to make it fit tight. This pocket frame does not require fastening to the box if it is made to fit snugly.

The bottom pocket holds the end of the tree in position. A similar pocket in the top of the box is necessary to keep the tree from toppling over, and this is made by fastening one pair of boards between the sides of the box even with the top edge (C, Fig. 4), then crossing them with a pair nailed to the top of the box (D, Fig. 5).

The base can now be completed by covering it neatly with cloth, but it will have a much more attractive appearance if you slant the sides as they



are slanted in Fig. 1. This is done by nailing a pair of boards to the bottom of the box (B, Fig. 6) so they project beyond the sides and ends as shown, and then nailing strips F to the ends of these boards. The projections of the frame thus formed should be equal. Now, when you cover the box bring the cloth from the

Waterspouts Escort Ship.

Officers of the steamer Borinquen, from San Juan, Porto Rico, reported that just as the ship was entering the Gulf Stream four waterspouts were seen. Two were in the southwest and two in the east, and traveling at a high rate of speed before a westerly wind. The water temperature at the time was 75 degrees and that of the air 71.

At first the lower parts of the spouts were vertical, and the upper parts horizontal. Later on more spouts ap-

peared on either side, about two miles away. They were solid and nearly vertical. The dark clouds from which they appeared to descend were about 1,000 feet above the water. After about forty minutes conditions became normal again.—New York Tribune.

Ash Can On Wheels.

A Connecticut man has patented an ash can on wheels, the handles of which can be locked to hold it stationary when not needed to move it.

The Carpathians.

In the faraway school days there were the Carpathian mountains, and we see by the war news they are still there, comments an Ohio newspaper.

They were then visions, lying away off under the horizon, sort of dreams with a name, and we thought, when we shut that old geography, we would never hear of them again—that the visions would melt into the mists.

Not so; great armies are gathered in the valleys and on the summits of the Carpathians, and they have be-

top down over the edge of the bottom frame, and tack it to the under side. Care must be taken when putting on this covering material to stretch the cloth tightly and evenly. Bring it together at the corners and sew the edges neatly.

HOME-MADE TRIMMINGS FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

It is lots of fun trimming the Christmas tree with home-made ornaments, much more fun than with the kind you buy in stores, and planning and making tree ornaments that will be both novel and attractive provides interesting work for several days.

In the illustrations below are shown several clever forms of ornaments that are easily made. The tip of the tree should be crowned with a single ornament, and a double five-pointed star made after the fashion of that shown in Fig. 1 is most appropriate. The double star is prepared in two pieces cut from a cardboard box (Figs. 2 and 3). Mark them out alike with ruler and pencil, making the distance between opposite points 5 inches. Cut them with a knife or scissors.

Each star must be slashed so one will fit over the other. Slash one as shown in Fig. 2, from point A down to B, which is one-half of the distance from A to C; and slash the other as shown in Fig. 3, from C up to B. You will see that by now crossing the pair of stars, and slipping the slash made in each over the uncut portion of the other, the star ornament will be put together to look like the one in Fig. 1.

The cardboard must be covered with tinfoil to make it nice and shiny, but before putting this covering on, cut two slender sticks for a support, fasten

### TO SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus, Santa Claus,  
Are you truly true?  
On your way a moment pause—  
Here's a test for you:  
Do you linger round the spot  
Where the sunshine cometh not?  
Do you seek the hearth that's cold  
With your treasure-stores untold?  
Is your smiling visage seen  
In the hovel poor and mean?  
Or are you the guest elate  
Of the ever-fortunate?

Santa Claus, Santa Claus,  
With your pack of cheer,  
Are you solid gold or gauze?  
Democrat or Peer?  
Do you seek the squalid lane  
Of the pauper and the plain?  
Do you take your Christmas joys  
To the pallid girls and boys,  
Little maids and little chaps  
Clad in rags and housed in traps?  
Do you load the Christmas Trees  
With rich gifts for such as these?

Santa Claus, Santa Claus,  
Whither are you bent?  
To the frigid upper-floors  
Of some tenement,  
Where upon a bed of grief  
Lies one thirsting for relief,  
Thirsting for some little lift  
In the clouds that seldom lift—  
Do you carry drafts of life  
To these scenes of pain and strife,  
Or are you the guest alone  
Of your sister Fortune's own?

Santa Claus, Santa Claus,  
Are you truly true?  
On your way a moment pause—  
Here's a test for you:  
Do you give to those in need?  
Do you to the weeping speed,  
Scattering your gifts of cheer  
O'er the weary and the drear—  
Or do you your treasures pitch  
Into laps already rich?  
That, dear Saint, beloved and gray,  
That's the test of Christmas Day!  
—John Kendrick Bangs, Harper's Weekly.

Mistletoe Hunters.  
Cousin, in Brittany, annually becomes a center of attraction for mistletoe pickers, and the poplars that line the hillside around about the village show an abundance of the precious evergreen, the sight of which would fill the heart of many a Norman mistletoe gatherer with envy.

Here, however, the trees are lofty and by no means so easy to despoil of their white berried parasite as the apple trees in northern France, which yield most of the harvest destined to find its way to the British market. Nevertheless clambering up into the tree tops sixty or seventy feet from the ground is not so difficult a task as it may appear to those who are uninitiated into the modus operandi of the mistletoe hunters.

With the aid of peculiarly shaped iron griffes attached to their feet, enabling them to get a firm grip of the trunk or stem which they wish to ascend, the skilled climbers make their way from branch to branch with monkeylike agility, and in a few minutes the tree is stripped of its mistletoe crop.

Imports of Salt.

Common salt continues to be imported in considerable quantity, more than one million barrels coming to Atlantic ports last year, according to the United States geological survey. The country is amply able, however, to supply the entire home demand, as the capacity of its salt mines and works is in excess of the present output. The imports last year were only 3.2 per cent of the total consumption, whereas in 1890 the percentage was 17.2.

Francis E. Clark's Life Work.

Francis E. Clark, president of the International Society of Christian Endeavor, who recently celebrated his sixty-third birthday, founded the Christian Endeavor society in 1881, when he was pastor of a Congregational church in Portland, Me. For the past twenty years he has devoted himself exclusively to the work of the organization. In this service he has traveled 825,000 miles, gaining the credit of being the world's most widely traveled man.

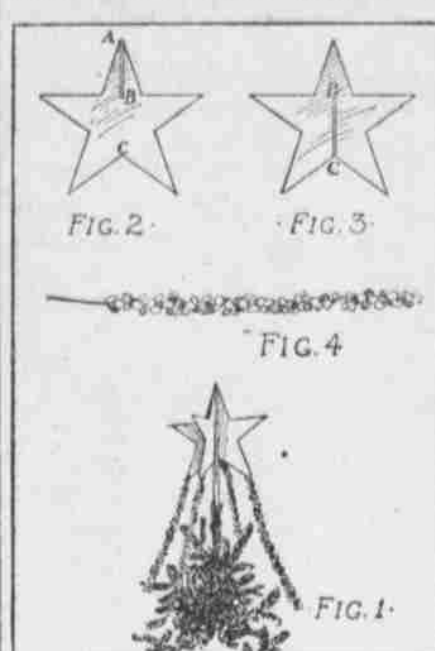
Riches on Pacific Island.

An island in the Pacific of which a French company has obtained control is believed to contain 10,000,000 tons of high-grade phosphate and many more million tons of inferior quality.

the upper ends of the sticks to opposite faces of the star, and bind the lower ends together with thread. When fastening the star to the tree run the ends of the sticks far enough below the tree top to enable you to bind them securely in position.

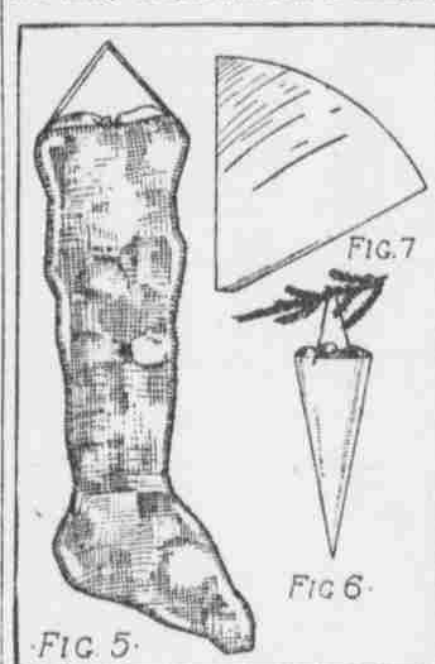
The four lower points of the stars serve excellently for attaching the upper ends of the ornamental chains to, that go to make up a large portion of the trimmings of a tree.

There are various ways of making pretty chains. String popcorn on



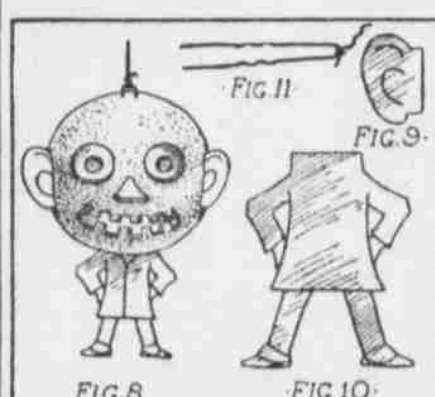
thread, using some white kernels and staining other kernels red, blue and other colors with dress dyes, or any coloring material that you have at hand. Two cranberries strung on the thread between every five or six kernels of popcorn make a pleasing variation in the popcorn chain idea. Another chain that is of novel form is prepared by coating a piece of string with glue or mucilage, and the sprinkling bits of colored paper over the glued surface. Cut up any colored paper that you can find, or buy a small roll of colored confetti. Use plenty of mucilage or glue so the bits will stick.

Fruits and nuts belong among the Christmas tree's trimmings, and there are many unique methods of hanging



these from the branches. None are more popular, however, than stockings cut and sewed up out of pieces of tartan (Fig. 5), and hung by pieces of ribbon; and cornucopias made of colored paper and hung by means of ribbon (Fig. 6). Figure 7 shows how to cut a piece of paper for a cornucopia. Coat one edge of the piece with mucilage, then starting with that edge, roll up the piece of paper into the form shown in Fig. 6 and paste to the outer edge. Paste small colored pictures upon the outside of each cornucopia.

The little goblin shown in Fig. 8 is only one of the many funny little people that can be made with orange heads and cardboard and paper clothes. Cut away the outer portion of the orange rind to form eyes, nose



and mouth, and make the ears out of cardboard and stick them into slits cut in the orange rind.

Figure 9 shows a pattern for the ears, while Fig. 10 shows how to cut the cardboard body. Stick the neck of the body into a slot cut through the orange rind. To hang up the little figure, stick a hairpin into his head, and tie a piece of thread to the loop end (Figs. 8 and 11). Paint the clothes of the body with water colors or color with crayons. If you make several of the figures, provide some with hats, and some with bonnets.

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## Santa's Christmas

By MARY D. ARNOTT



INDENETTE struggled vainly with the tears that squeezed at last through tired eyelids. It was not often that the brave little homemaker gave way to grief, but in the present moment she seemed unable to control her emotion.

In the next room childish voices prattled joyously. Lindenette had not found the heart to tell them that Christmas would have to come and go without the much heralded visit from Santa Claus. Since the loss of both parents Lindenette had managed to keep a roof over the heads of her small brother and sister and had provided food for their slight frames. What did it matter if her cheeks had lost their roses and her lips their cheery bloom? The smile lingered. That was all that mattered.

She brushed her tears aside and arose to answer an unexpected summons from the knocker. She looked her surprise at the great man who stood on her tiny porch.

"I have come in search of one Linden Lane," the stranger said with a smile to which the girl responded.

"The name is unusual," admitted Lindenette, "and my own is even more impossible—being Lindenette Lane. May I ask you in from the cold?" She opened the door and Marvin Goodwin entered the plitely barren room into which she led him. His eyes followed the girl rather than the contents of the room.

Two small, pale faces peered at him from the kitchen door, and Goodwin smiled at them.

"Do I look like Santa Claus?" he asked them by way of breaking the ice.

"No, you don't," returned the boy, bluntly. "Besides, Linda says it may be too cold for Santa Claus to come out this year." There was a wall from the little sister, and the boy strove vainly to conceal his disappointment at this announcement.

Linda gave them each a hug and told them to run along. When they had gone she turned to Goodwin with inquiry in her eyes.

"My errand is a pleasant one," he said quickly, for his own voice was none too controlled. "It will add to your happiness, I know." He drew a memorandum from his pocket, and after consulting it, asked: "Your father, Linden Lane? Did he live in Stillwater, Minn., 22 years ago?"

"Yes," replied Linda, with a flush of excitement lending roses to her cheeks. "I was born there."

"Then, to come directly to the point," Goodwin told her, "we find two depos-



its of \$25 each in two of our banks there. One Linden J. Lane opened the account 22 years ago."

Linda laughed softly. "My father used always to fear bank failures, and put small amounts in many banks." She turned sparkling eyes upon Goodwin. "We thought we had collected all his savings," she said.

"These two nests were undiscovered," the man laughed, "and the hens have been laying golden eggs. You have, at this very minute \$300—"

"Three hundred dollars! Oh!" she impulsively held out her two toll-free little hands. "It is a fortune! The children! They can have their Santa Claus!"

Goodwin found himself feeling happier than he remembered having felt before. Was it the knowledge that he had been the Good Fairy in this small family, or was it something more subtle, more wonderful that had crept into his mind?

He laughed a trifle nervously. "I am going to ask for immediate payment for the joy I have found for you," he said and when Linda's questioning eyes met his he said impetuously: "Let me come tomorrow—and help make Christmas glad for the children. May I come?"

Linda glanced at him with a new shyness. "Yes," she said, simply. "If you like I will go with you to help get that Christmas tree."

Next morning Linda and the children were up early.

The crackling of the fire as it roared up the stovepipe created a spirit of cheerfulness that greeted Marvin Goodwin when he presented himself at an early hour.

"Oh!" shouted Bobby, "here's our own Santa Claus!" His eyes were glued to the arrival of packages Goodwin deposited on the table.

"Bobby!" cried Linda. "Haven't you ever been Santa Claus before?" queried Peggy.

"Never! This is my very first experience. I hope I will acquit myself with proper dignity."

And Linda's eyes, over the heads of the children, looked down deep into Goodwin's big soul, and unconsciously she let the man read what her heart was saying.

"Next Christmas," he was saying in his mind, "Linda will have permanent roses in her cheeks, and her eyes will be mine, and that will be all the happiness one Santa Claus could have."

Lindenette smiled.

Use a Pitcher.

Instead of using a mixing bowl or pan for your batter cakes, use a pitcher with a lip and pour your batter out. It saves time and trouble and your cakes will be more uniform in size than when you spoon your batter out.

Laundry Wrinkle.

Place a slice of lemon with the rinsed removed in your boiler of clothes. The result will be clothes beautifully clean and white, without in any way injuring them.